to cause a heart attack, not big enough to stop his delusions. He said he knew. His voices had warned him about us. He was a good person. He'd wanted to believe that we were good people too, but he was wrong. The voices were right. We'd hurt him too much. He was leaving us. He was escalating. He was high. I'd never seen him look better. I'd never seen him stronger. I'd never seen him so happy.

*

Karl was angry with Gladys because she was a woman. Wanda was a woman. He'd trash everything in his room and kick in the office door if anyone interfered with Wanda, but that didn't stop him from hating Gladys. Gladys threw the meds at him, he said. Women were like that. He wanted his meds now. I told him he had to wait for Gladys. I didn't add that if I gave him his meds early Gladys would get confused and probably double-dose him, but that was the reason. He lost his temper completely, screamed at me that he wanted "the boss," and punched the wall. "I hate this place," he said. Join the club, I thought. "I hate you too," he said, meaning Adam. "And your fag friend." Meaning me (of course).

I wrote a shift entry about him that time. I noticed that the entry immediately above it, a quarterly entry, said that Karl was doing much better, interacting equally well with other tenants and staff.